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STARTLING INCIDENTS
IN THE
LIFE OF A LADY!

THE EVENTFUL
AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

OF

MRS. JEANNETTE H. TAYLOR,

[NEE HOPPIN.]

COMPRISING
A THRILLING ROMANCE
IN REAL LIFE.

Embodying in its melo-dramatic and mysterious developments the most flagrant and diabolical plots ever concocted by human fiends and carried out by persevering villiany, claiming as *dramatis personæ* in these scenes of dark endeavors (to ruin the domestic peace of a defenceless woman) the *soi disant* and pretended *distingues* of the United States.

Moreover,

A very concise,
but graphic delineation
of the morals, manners, official delinquency,
and mysterious *modus operandi* of New York officials.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

For several months prior to the first of September my leisure was occupied in writing out the prominent incidents of my past life, but in strict accordance with an evil genius which has apparently ever been an attendant upon my pathway ; as I had about completed my manuscript and prepared it for the press, my writing desk was invaded and the result of my labors combined with other papers mysteriously disappeared !—Inasmuch as I shall not attempt to re-write what I had then written, I shall publish the synopsis of my last manuscript, and leave to the imagination of my readers the filling up of what is omitted in the present writing.

As to my motives in this presenting matter seemingly of a private nature to the gaze of the public, I would state, in order that I may forestall that spirit of misrepresentation which has ever been a curse to me, that in the first place, I desire, not only for my own satisfaction, but those friends, from whom I have been the recipient of many kindnesses, to make a full and sufficient expose of all circumstances connected with my misfortunes and my family, and allow thereby the weight of censure fall where it justly belongs, and secondly to provide in some manner against pecuniary contingencies which may occur without being met by a timely foresight :—

Moreover, having been robbed by the Judicial and Constabulary Officials of New York of all my wardrobe, and jewelry, as will be shown in this publication, I am but in pecuniary circumstances to publish the very lengthy manuscript I had written, even had it not so mysteriously disappeared ; The subjoined synopsis however, may in some degree give an idea, more particular to certain persons, of what I had written.

JEANNETTE H. TAYLOR.

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ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE,

embodying in its melodramatic and mysterious developments the most flagrant and diabolical plots ever concocted by human fiends and carried out by persevering villainy, claiming as *dramatis personæ* in the scenes of dark endeavors (to ruin the domestic peace of a defenceless woman) the *soi-disant* and pretended *distingues* of the United States!

As a concise manifesto of the contents of this publication—which will speedily be received from the office of the publisher—may be presented the subjoined spicelegium, graphically portrayed by the lady's own hand:

Chapter I. Succinct auto-biography; Marriage at 17; A house divided against itself; Insidious foes of the domestic hearth; A conspiracy, comprising hotel insidents at Newport R. I., and wedding extraordinary of an officer of the old United States Bank; Hotel life in New England; Providence without providence; The fatal scheme; The wiles of a railroad contractor; A sinner in the garb of a saint; Slanderous tongues and willing ears.

Chapter II. Change of scene; a "minor sea story" identified with the sunny banks of the Hudson river; life in Poughkeepsie; hotel views from Market street; Hyde Park and Pleasant Valley; the tempters tempted; proffered desertion of family and elopement to Europe; College Hill; a doctor's predilection for dimity; thee and thou, and spare diet; the wilderness of Zin; a landlady's pretty daughter; an unexpected event.

Chapter III. The old City Hotel; Family interference; a landlord's subterfuge; Reappearance of the railroad contractor; "The deformed Transformed;" A new phase; The Erie railroad in the ascendant; The

French boarding school; The introduction; "Coming events cast their shadows before;" A vision of Niagara and 200,000 muskets; Compact; Mysteries of management—of railroads in particular.

Chapter IV. The scene changes to Newport; The family conspiracy; Intercepted letters; Five to one; The Knight of Laurel Hill and Jamaica Ginger; His malicious advice and perfidy; Midnight escape to New York, City Hotel; Rise in railroad iron and depression in stocks; a contract maker a contract breaker, a villain's promise, Return to Newport, An old maid's conscience, Double Faces, the effects of grief—continued duplicity of the Knight of Laurel Hill and Ginger Schnapps, The plot thickens.

Chapter V. Abrupt departure, Arrival at Philadelphia, United States Hotel, A lawyer's revenge for unrequited love, The farce of the rejected suitor, False pretences, Bribery, The mysteries of midnight, the five mile ride, Might over right, and wealth over weakness, The plot successful, How far money may change an astute doctor's opinion of *insanity*; A home with maniacs, Reminiscences of family duplicity, The effects of grief.

Chapter VI. Fourteen months confinement as a lunatic, minute description of the insane asylum, the influence of money, how a liberal subscription to the maniac's museum may change the phase of lunacy, a steward's love and matron's response, thee and thou, white neckerchiefs and piety in drab, a doctor's appreciation of insane love, the integrity of insane ears, efforts to escape detection. arrival from Europe of a director of the United States bank, perfidious manifestation of a fashionable sister's love, her clandestine departure, three more dreary months, liberty at last, new friends and few friends, my sister in London, Peabody.

Chapter VII. Once more on the banks of the Hudson, a Christmas on the ice, homoeopathic pills administered for soul and body, escape with loss of baggage, Albany, an oasis in the desert of life in the shape of a disinterested friend; arrival at Syracuse; less thee and thou, more piety and less provision; the parson's family; cold rooms and colder consciences.

Chapter VIII. Fourteen month's village life in Western New York; more bribery; a sister's love man-

ifested in a peculiar manner ; her “ amiable ” letters ; re-appearance of Jamaica Ginger, starvation recommended as productive of insanity, Ananias and Saphira tempted by filthy lucre, their scheme thwarted, a conscience-stricken husband’s policy, poverty.

Chapter IX. Change of residence, the domicile of the deacon, more starvation, scandal and predestination, the deacon’s dream, abusive visit from a sister and bank director, plot defeated, the wicked widow, morphia, a donation party, the cabin of the cobbler, employment as copyist by a quack doctor, a pittance and abrupt departure, a journey, friendless and alone, from the salts of Salina to the sanctity of Rhode Island.

Chapter X. A miserly old uncle and meddling old maid, the wanderer received for a brief season, misery patched with proverbs, and stale precepts proffered in place of pity, mysterious manifestation of maternal love, devout members of the anti-slavery society, all sympathy for black and no sympathy for white, temperance carried on with ardent spirits.

Chapter XI. Eight Months seclusion, total desertion, scene changes again to Philadelphia, apprenticeship to mantumaking, misery, the secret of success and mystery of poverty, virtue’s reward, the plot of the broker, his nerves buoyed up with the essence of Jamaica Ginger, his discomfiture, Independence square, revelations, events thicken, a fashionable boarding house, the second attempt of the broker, the man milliner and millinery toil, scenes behind the curtain, the starvation of the working girl.

Chapter XII. Third appearance of the broker, his vile attempt to prevent an interview between husband and wife, the villain’s offer ; a visit to New York ; the broker defeated ; a scene at the American hotel ; a fashionable boarding house ; a school for scandal ; fourth appearance of the broker ; a proffered trip to California with adequate means, as a compensation for desertion of bed and board ; a kind-hearted lawyer ; a friend in need ; interview with an attorney general ; false hopes ; the continued persecution and perfidy of the Knight of Laurel Hill and professor of ginger.

Chapter XIII. Providence, a dying husband, his contrition, his funeral “ respected ” by a fashionable sister’s fashionable ball, the kind-hearted lawyer ; efforts for a family reconciliation defeated, return again to the banks

of the Hudson river, outraged hospitality, a false friend, robbery, return to Philadelphia, a visit again to New York, the railroad contractor, his perfidy, New York hotel, a monosyllabic Frenchman, an effort of honest labor defeated by family pride, family interference, a trip to Boston, unexpected rencontre, the Wall street broker, his generosity, arrival at the U. S. hotel.

Chapter XIV. Proffered protection of a member of legislature, it is realized, return to New York ; a United States Senator, a love scene, the good shepherd, a scene in the cars, Yankee hospitality, a speculator on widows, arrival in New York, protestations of a western merchant, flight, the effects of unrequited love, a few months quiet, return to Philadelphia, ill health, refuge in a Quaker family, a brother's neglect, generosity of a southern merchant, the States Treasurer and his protestations, the triumph of pride over poverty.

Chapter XV. Kind friends, a summer's retreat at Burlington, the residence of the Knight of Laurel Hill ; a busy body in the shape of an attache of a Philadelphia bank, masculine gossip on the steamboat Trenton, among a group of Philadelphia merchants ; the last effort of family pride, a rude landlady, flight to New York, alone and homeless, unexpected friends.

Chapter XVI. Proffered hospitality, the haunt of a retired lottery broker, fashionable intrigue, academy of music minus harmony ; a show of generosity from the Astor House. A Finale.

APPENDIX.

(Correspondence.)

Exhibit A.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, indorsed by A. L.; inception of the plot.

Exhibit B.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, continuation of conspiracy.

Exhibit C.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, bribery and plan for false imprisonment.

Exhibit D.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, a Newport lawyer retained.

Exhibit E.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, congratulatory; the plot successful.

Exhibit F.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, fright; desires to take the 'insane patient' South.

Exhibit G.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, bill presented; trouble.

Exhibit H.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, sanity and insanity incompatible; divorce frustrated.

Exhibit I.—Letter from F. B. to G. W., contention, quandary

Exhibit J.—Letter from F. B. to G. W.*, second effort at false imprisonment.

Exhibit K.—Letter from G. W. * to F. B., declining participation.

Exhibit L.—Letter from M. D. S. to a country squire; Quaker Jesuitism.

Exhibits M. N. O. P. Q.—Letters from Mac

Exhibits R. S. T. U. V., peculiar specimens of family policy and family affection.

The publication premised, of which the above is an imperfect synopsis, contains years of persecution, suffering and wrong, instigated by pride, and perpetuated by malice. It will be published wholly on the responsibility of the authoress, and will comprise a perfect elucidation of all matters referred to in the above.

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ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE,

"Our acts our angels are, for good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

"There's a divinity who shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

SHAKS.

To do justice to one's own biography is said to be quite as difficult as for the anatomist to pursue the delicate operations of his art by dissecting the abstruse developments, and connections identified with his own body, and if so, how difficult is my task, laying no claim to "the pen of the ready writer," and moreover, being well nigh paralyzed with anxiety and trouble? However, with Honesty for my purpose, and Truth as my shield, I shall proceed to give a "synopsis" of my eventful life, defining at the same time my present position, identified with the bitter experiences of the past, and the parties connected therewith. I am perfectly well aware that Woman has but little to expect from public patronage or public sympathy, and in regard to private charity, its exhibitions, like angel's visits, are few and far between. As one, being alone, therefore, I submit this *brochure*, together with myself, to the limited patronage and maugre charity which is ever the reward of a comparatively friendless woman!

The painful experience of over thirty summers enables me to make a truthful *expose* of the many abuses of power which arise from the ever denied but too often exemplified motto of "Might over right, and wealth over weakness." And the reader, in order to appreciate my design, must not fail to keep this point in view, for it cannot be expected that the life or history of a friendless victim of family persecution can abound in brilliant episodes, or recommend itself for any drapery save that

of the sombre hue which ever enshrouds the frigid form of Misfortune. The chief merit of my publication, therefore, must only be sought in the integrity of my motives ; and in degree as I am enabled to unmask successful villany, and tear asunder the gauze work which too often hides the deep-dyed knave, by the outward seeming of sanctity, let me be adjudged. I am aware there are many narrow-minded individuals, and perhaps some to whom I am personally known, who may chance to scan these pages, who consider the exile from wealthy relatives must needs be a victim of vice. Such individuals are too prone to forget that the mantle of Opulence is not unfrequently sufficiently thick to hide the most unseemly outlines of moral deformity, and moreover, in everyday life where the starving mendicant suffers "condign punishment" for stealing a loaf of bread to extend the attenuated thread of life, the wholesale swindler who robs by tens of thousands, and changes the scenes of comfort and competence to that of starvation and want, is received in the very bosom of our "best circles," while the hunger-impelled purloiner of a "fip" is consigned to a dreary cell. In my early life I was deprived of the protection of a kind father, and the remnant of a widow's portion was at once appropriated by a wealthy uncle. The kindest attention and fraternal devotion of my two brothers afforded all the immunities and endearments of a home until matrimony divided the sisters. In regard to my own marriage, it was like many others, more a matter of interest than an affair of the affections, and superinduced for the benefit of those sisters who are now in circumstances of affluence, and who forget, in the midst of their prosperity, one who sacrificed herself for their aggrandizement.

The mercantile misfortunes of my husband was increased by the neglect of my brother, Chas. L. Hoppin, of Mobile, who involved him in great loss ; and, after this, his political success induced him to forget his obligations to his sister, who afforded his mother a home in the day of adversity. The ill health of my husband caused him greater misfortune, and the fatigue of nursing him so prostrated me that a severe illness was the result ; while the unpopularity of my husband, whose ill health and taciturn manner made it difficult for me

to contend with circumstances of family disaffection. While laboring under these circumstances, Minor C. Story, proffered his family friendship. I at once accepted his invitation to pass the summer with his family at Poughkeepsie. This at once was a "fire brand" for the lovers of scandal, and my visit was one of vexation; my family incensed at a friendship formed for a family whom they esteemed as too democratic, hastened to incarcerate me, as a punishment for adopting new friends, though they grew cold and forgot a sister who had become poor in purse, notwithstanding they had enjoyed its fulness but a brief period before.

The policy of a wealthy family was easily carried out, and imprisonment in the Blockley Asylum for Insane, was chosen as a means to still the clamor of the scandal loving. This, considered as a family conspiracy, deserves commendation for its adroitness. A correspondence will be published which will explain the phases of this affair at that time.

The interest that Frederick Brown, of Philadelphia, had, as one of the managers of the institution, and his money as a passport, suited the empty purse of my husband; also, the eager desire for placing Mr. Brown under obligation to benefit the institution—"The hobby" of his intimate friend Dr Kirkbride. All these reasons prompted Mr. Brown in his scheme. It was successful; and fourteen months of imprisonment, gave a sane inmate like myself, an opportunity to observe the abuses of this institution, calculated, and believed to be, the most perfect of its kind in the United States. The refusal of my husband to meet my bills, and also the death of my revered brother-in-law, Alexander Lardner, threw the responsibility on Frederick Brown. After a series of family discussions, I was allowed to leave the institution, under the protection of Mr. William Malin, a kind, good man. Fourteen months of perfect seclusion, varied only by tears and entreaties for release, prayers and explanations to the managers, for reparation of wrong, requests, and labor of letter writing to those I thought would rescue me, and those missives placed into the hands of Frederick Brown, with sham promises of Dr. Kirkbride, that they would reach their places of destination, was all that varied the mon-

otomy of my imprisonment. The interest that I took in the suffering inmates beguiled my time at intervals, but the jealousy of the attendants was a drawback to many kindnesses I might have administered. I sought refuge from scandal in a country village, in Marcellus, New York State. But, alas! family persecution was not satisfied, although my fingers plied the needle in behalf of the sisters, who disdained their notice. Again they sought to place me in the Butler Asylum in Rhode Island—seeing the proverbially miserly pastor in whose house I resided—this I found subsequently. But my husband would not sanction, and Frederick Brown would not, and dared not, assume the responsibility. Privations, and disgust at the persecuting scandal of a country village, induced me to seek protection in my native place again, not however, forgetting those kind people who sympathized with me in the sweet little village of Marcellus. Without means of travel I passed the last three months of the fourteen in Marcellus in getting together by industry \$15, to take me from this tortuous life, and to reach Rhode Island once more. Again a sick husband was sought, the anger of my family increased, and the meagre pittance of \$1,50 per week and cast off clothing, was denied me, and my husband insulted for receiving me, as they subsequently met him, and even refused recognition. After perfect seclusion of eight months in a private boarding-house in Providence, which time I devoted to nursing my invalid husband; the prospect of his death being certain to himself, and observing that my family persevered in their hostile position, I proposed to take the remnant of the \$300 my cousin, Edward Carrington, of Providence, promised me, (which he paid in instalments,) and go to Philadelphia, to learn a trade for my maintenance, for this was my only hope for the future. My dying husband accompanied me. I at once sought the mantua-maker, and after passing a month in a close workroom during the day, and nursing during the night, I found my time was consumed to little advantage. My husband left me, although very feeble, and against the orders of his physician, who said he could not live but a very short time, but a small sum he might get for his services in the custom house at Providence, induced him to face death.

At this time, Charles Maccalaster, of Philadelphia, sought me. I received a note from him, requesting me to meet him at the corner of Ninth and Market streets; not deeming this a very proper mode of receiving his patronage, I replied to his note saying, I would see him at my boarding house in Chestnut street, as my days were passed at work in different families. I gave him permission to call during the evenings. I found Mr. Maccalaster very ardent in his protestations, at the same time he offered his services in negotiating a family reconciliation; this I said would be fruitless. After a lapse of time, he said my brother-in-law, Frederick Brown, said he would not do any thing for me as long as I remained in the city. I at once decided to learn the millinery business, and entered upon my term of work with earnest zeal. I succeeded in perfecting myself, so my employer allowed me a small sum for my daily services. My husband returning in December, to Philadelphia, so ill that I was obliged to relinquish my situation in the millinery for the sick room; the prospect of a long cold winter and small means, induced the kind landlady to give us comfortable accommodations in her very delightful boarding house. The remnant of the \$300 was due by promise, but, alas! May Humphries of Philadelphia, wrote to Mr. Carrington, not to send us, as we were not deserving. This was astounding! and as the weeping invalid read the letter of denial, I proposed to borrow a small sum sufficient to pay one month's board, and then he would be obliged to seek his home in the inclement weather of February, 1852, leaving me penniless. After this I sought legal advice of Mr. John R. Vogdes, of Philadelphia, as Mr. Chas. Maccalaster had called again and urged his suit; and besides this, urged me to go to California. This I refused to do as long as my husband lived. My husband had told me he would sanction a suit to recover damages for slander and false imprisonment, against Frederick Brown and others. This the kind good lawyer thought might be compromised, and he introduced me to Mr. Read, the attorney-general. Frederick Brown then proposed to meet me at Mr. Vogdes' office to adjust the matter, and subsequently withdrew the offer, as his wife, Mrs. Charlotte A. Brown, opposed it. At this juncture, my hus-

band grew sicker and died. Mr. Vogdes gave me means to go to him, as he wrote me he was dying. I shall never forget his kindness. I reached my husband's desolate death chamber, after travelling alone from Philadelphia. Again did I address relatives stating our poverty, but in vain! no response. As soon as my husband's relatives had laid his mortal remains in their proper resting place, I sought Philadelphia. Again I wrote Mr. Vogdes that I desired his protection. I was alone—he was kind, and on my arrival, a place of board was found at Mrs. Birkhead's, in Chestnut street. Again I sought my family: I wrote to my mother to come and see me, she wrote me a polite note declining. The family with whom I made my home grew cold, as my relations did not notice me. Mr. Vogdes was censured for affording me protection, and to make the matter more sure, May Humphreys, my oldest sister's husband met Mr. Birkhead in the street, and said, "she is not worthy a home." At this crisis, the Matron of Blockley Hospital prevailed upon Mr. Brown to allow me \$3 per week if she could prevail upon me to leave the city. This sum was to be placed in her hands, and I was not allowed the control of it. I of course consented, as Mr. Vogdes thought it might effect a family reconciliation. I sought the village on the Hudson. Again did I go through the routine of country gossip, the more quiet and reserved I was, greater was the censure. My friend signified to me if I would make a bill for clothing, of which I stood in need, that she would guarantee Frederick Brown would pay for it. Accordingly, I spent my time in repairing the deficiencies in my wardrobe; but, as the Quaker lady had gone too fast, as Frederick Brown refused to pay the bill of \$100, she gave the shopman the notice to secure himself; my wardrobe was attached, by first, the nephew of Mr. Gilbert requesting me to allow him to forward it to Philadelphia. To my astonishment I found I was without clothing, as every thing was confiscated, and never to this day has a vestige of a valuable wardrobe been recovered. I again turned my thoughts, after these disasters, to taking care of myself, comforting myself that my labors in the sick room of Mrs. Gilbert would remind them that their hospitality had been my loss but was their gain. I found, after-

wards, that this manœuvre was to get papers that Frederick Brown knew would fall into my hands at the death of my husband. Those papers being the letters of agreement and scheme of placing me at Blockley Hospital.

With tears of apprehension I saw my last \$20 in my purse ; again I sought Mr. John R. Vogdes for advice ; again was I advised to go to New York ; he thought if Mr. Brown found I made an effort for myself, he might prevail upon him to do something permanently for me ; lone—New York was sought for this purpose also, to endeavor to induce Mr. Minor C. Story, (whose family I referred to as visiting Poughkeepsie,) to contribute something, as my family thought he ought, as they felt themselves aggrieved at his villainous endeavour to ruin me. I requested his presence—when he came, he at once said I will help you, and left me buoyed with the hope that I might at least command a few dollars for my immediate comfort. This was the last of this. Through the kindness of a hotel proprietor, I found that Mr. Monot, of the New York hotel, would receive me into the laundry for a while until I was promoted by a vacancy.

I at once accepted the invitation, happy at the thought of earning my livelihood. Although the situation was a very laborious one, yet I was cheerful, and forgot other hardships. I was summoned to the parlor one evening after being there a fortnight, to receive a visit from John Cryder, of the firm of Wetmore & Cryder, of New York ; I was astonished as the gentleman was a connexion of my family, he said he had heard of my being at service then, and proposed to give me the same sum that I received as wages if I would leave with him. I said I was earning my livelihood honorably, and I would not, and could not consent : he seemed very angry, and said he would punish me for a refusal. Two days after this, Mr. Monot called me to him and said he would dispense with my services as he did not consider me competent. I at once asked him if he had not seen Mr. John Cryder - he seemed much confused, and said, " I will not answer any questions." I fortunately had returned to me \$40, from Peekskill, which I had sent to pay a part of the bill which Frederick Brown

refused to pay for me, but the tradesman said he would have all or none. This sum took me to Boston, where I thought I might do something.

Hon. John M. Wood presented me with \$150, which I gladly received. He advised me to seek New York again, and he would send me more. Imagine my relief when I thought by his generosity I would be kept from the contact of those perhaps not my inferiors, yet, those who were impertinent, because they thought I usurped their rights. My sojourn in New York, at Judson's hotel, for several months, was varied with repeated visits to Philadelphia. My trip to Boston was full of incident, which I would be glad to lay before my laughter-loving readers, if I were not hurried in my time to place this statement before the public. Perhaps many ladies may understand, if they ever travelled alone, what I might relate, inasmuch as American gentlemen are proverbial for their gallantry. Any lady travelling alone will be sure to encounter some love-sick bachelor or adventurous married man, who would amuse themselves *harmlessly*. I must here thank the married gentleman who offered me the nice repast of Connecticut doughnuts in the cars, in pity for my hunger, and as evidence of his admiration for widows, who confessed that he had consoled himself a few weeks before by plunging into the abyss of matrimony, and was luxuriating in the thought of a happy meeting at home, increased by a distribution of the good fare from Connecticut for the children! And what shall I say to "the good shepherd," who seemed so generous, and who boasted of his political triumphs? May his hospitality be ever *revered*. I again returned to Philadelphia in hopes of meeting something in the way of lucrative employment. At this juncture another benefactor was added to my list, Edward Padelford, of Savannah, hearing of my privation sent me a handsome present; several years had elapsed since I had seen him, but his generous heart prompted him to assist one whom he had known in her days of prosperity.

As repeated changes had caused me illness, this "God send" was doubly acceptable. Often I met my sisters dressed in the extreme of fashion, and often did I hear of their magnificent gifts to almost strangers, at the

same time refusing me a small sum to save me from begging, and not only was this denied me, but every effort was made by them to deprive me of friends whom I might make casually among the persons of respectability I met in my home in a boarding house. As an evidence of this, having sought refuge for a few weeks in Burlington, for the purpose of seeing my mother, if possible, Frederick Brown was overheard in conversation with a group of Philadelphia merchants on board of the steamboat Trenton, accusing me of absolute injustice and crime, and expressed to a person, a teller in one of the Philadelphia banks, his regrets that he had me as an inmate in the boarding place. The gossip continued, and the wives of a number of Philadelphians were on the tapis as rich subjects of speculation in this school for scandal. This, however did not affect my family taunts and insinuations. Returning to Philadelphia, I had then been a resident for one year and a half, my winter home was selected for a few weeks. I found my home pleasant, but the hostess, having met Mrs. Frederick Brown, she recommended that it would be to her advantage to dismiss me from her house. This was accordingly done; and only one day was given me for a choice of a home. With her pious invocation, God bless you, I left her home for New York. This driving me from my home was explained, as a worthy gentleman had offered me money to go into business in Philadelphia. My sisters were horrified at the idea; defamation, their usual resource in my case, was made manifest. One of my brothers-in-law visited the gentleman and said he would confer a favor on the family if he would withdraw his patronage. I will not weary my readers with a recapitulation of those repeated endeavors to defraud me. Leaving so precipitately, my bills were left unpaid and my prospects ruined.

My arrival in New York was anything but cheering. When the friend who escorted me bid me adieu at the hotel, my next thought turned to securing a comfortable and economical home, and having engaged my room (for this is deemed the most desirable manner of living, if alone, in New York,) inasmuch as there are ever to be found in boarding-houses or pretended homes, inmates of a certain class who are always ready to cast opprobrium upon an unprotected lady, even if they are

compelled to look from the windows of glass houses themselves. But I was alone, and this was enough. Why was I alone?—let the Fates answer. Although I sought a quiet home, I was unfortunate in making the acquaintance of a *highly respectable family*, who had just escaped being placed in not a very enviable light before the public. To avoid this trap I sought another home. Contributions of distant friends, who always responded to my calls for help, made me comfortable—although a great number of my towns-people visited me, and in fact (so many called that I was annoyed,) yet I never met with any generous person among them; sympathy they proffered, but, alas! who can live upon sympathy? I wrote to my cousin, Governor Heppin, of Rhode Island, that I was in need, but he never noticed my letters. The wealth of my family was my excuse for applying to them, but I have ever found strangers kinder than my relatives. At this crisis Mr. Wm. H. Paine, of New York, introduced me to No. 13 West 26th street, for the purpose of getting apartments. I went there and found myself soon quietly domesticated. At this time I was introduced to Mr John B. Stephens, of Wall street, New York, an intimate friend of Dr. Thiers, who was in the habit of visiting the house often, and had previously passed much of his time there. I mention this here, as I shall have occasion to speak of him in the narrative of facts in other pages. Dr. Thiers and family boarded at No 13 West 26th street. Mrs. Thiers was an invalid, and was accustomed to pass much of her time under her parental roof; my friends purposed assisting me, and as Dr. Thiers was seeking a location for his office, I agreed to take the upper part of a house, giving him the basement for an office. Almost immediately my friends were involved, with thousands of others at the time, in mercantile disasters, and my plans were frustrated and I was obliged to relinquish my part of the house to another who had the means to support it. My health was suffering from the effects of repeated disappointments, so that I became very ~~miserable~~ *morose*. During some domestic difficulty, the lady in the upper part of the house called in the police, and complained of me. The Doctor kindly got out a permit for insanity, but the police dragged me from the house in the most inhuman manner. Imagine my horror, my readers,

when they placed me in the tombs against Dr. Thiers' wishes—this I learned subsequently. This outrage is past credibility. The bruises on my person were seen by a number of persons afterward. One of the policemen who abused me was so full of alcohol that in my agony his breath was offensive. On reaching the Tombs I was placed in the most repulsive room one could imagine; in my distress I called for a tumbler of water, the first salutation was "You get no tumblers here." Then I asked could I get anything to relieve me, for then I felt myself dying from suffocation and distress—"You'll get nothing here." I then asked, is there no physician? No! The bed was of straw, covered with a grey horse blanket stuff, and as I lay upon it perfectly exhausted, the smell of the vermin overpowered me.

Mr. Remick K. Clarke and Governor Duke, one of the officers of the Alms House department came to my rescue; both with an exhibition of kindness. Rejoiced was I that I received the promise that I would not be carried to Bloomingdale. I did not see Dr. Thiers, naturally supposing him hostile. The next morning I received a visit from Dr. Covil; he tapped me on the shoulder, said I was a fine woman, and to render himself more agreeable stretched himself upon *my luxurious couch*, lying upon his back, and continuing the conversation while I walked the room, not much fascinated by the *graceful* of the "family physician." The visits of two physicians were soon made, and I was pronounced sane. Then I looked for deliverance, but none came; Dr. Thiers was not allowed to visit me. On the afternoon of the 2d day, Governor Duke came to me, and said here is a letter from Dr. Thiers for you, enclosing \$5. He held it up to me and quietly put it in his pocket. He then said will you not let me see him to-night? he said no. Can I write? Yes. Will you send it? No. This was all the satisfaction I had on this subject, and this is the last I have seen of the five dollars and the note from Dr. Thiers.

Governor Duke did not unite with Remick K. Clarke in his views, as he had no malevolent feelings towards Dr. Thiers, though there seemed no clashing of opinion on the question, who had a right to release me from the prison. Mr. Clarke said he had the power of doing so, and Governor Duke said *he* only was the one

give the power for my removal. In the excitement I fell into, Remick K. Clarke's plan was, that I should make an affidavit implicating Dr Thiers, but with a promise from Remick K. Clarke that I should be released from the prison, and *that he would only scare the Doctor with it*. In this chaotic state of mind, I did make an affidavit, which *was false*, and the purport of which was gotten by questions, and I did not know what Judge Pearcey wrote. Remick K. Clarke then offered his protection, asking Judge Pearcey where was a good place for me to board. Judge Pearcey at once gave a note to the proprietor of the Gramercey House, requesting him to accommodate me, as a witness in an important case. I was at once sumptuously accommodated. Remick K. Clarke visited me for a few days, afterwards I saw nothing more of him. Judge Pearcey commenced his visits. He seemed to consider me his property, and suggested that I should leave the hotel in a very private manner, and change my name, and let no one know where I was but himself, and he would guarantee me \$10 *per month* for my maintenance. I was surprised, but consented, with the proviso I should select my home myself. This I was advised to do by a gentleman, an acquaintance of Judge Pearcey's, for the purpose of finding out his scheme. I applied to a gentleman, who Judge Pearcey advised me to go to, for the purpose of finding rooms, and this person told me to *beware*, as Judge Pearcey was a very bad man, and unless I became his slave, he would visit vengeance upon me. I became watchful when he proposed a private family in 40th street. I did not consent. He then proposed I should go to Hartford with him on the coming Saturday, that *Busteed* and a number of other lawyers, were going on a frolic and he had no doubt but that each one would have a "woman" with him. I declined, as I did not see that it was very desirable. He then called again, and said that he was going by himself, and perhaps I would go. I declined a second time.

Time passed on and my board bill increased. Judge Pearcey became alarmed at its increase. He came to me one evening and said, "I believe you said you had some valuables in pawn;" I answered yes, "where are the tickets?" I replied they are destroyed. Well, said he, give me a list of them and I will give you the power

to get them. He made out the list, and I signed it; but instead of giving me the paper he put it in his pocket and left me. A day after this occurred I met officer Webb, and in conversing with him about Judge Pearcey's proceedings, he replied "The Judge does not know what he is about half the time. Look here—here is a list of stolen property, and he came near committing himself by this mistake, for he has accounted for the pawn tickets." To my utter astonishment I found in the list I gave Judge Pearcey the night before, which he offered to redeem for me with apparent generosity. I exclaimed, how does Judge Pearcey dare do this? Officer Webb seemed much confused, and replied, "Perhaps I have mistaken his orders;" but he had said enough to convince me that Judge Pearcey would use power to a bad purpose. I found it necessary to consult a legal adviser. I heard there was a Mr. Brown in the hotel, and inquired for him; the waiter came to me and said there was a Mr. Ackerly in the house, and he would call him if I wished; well, I replied, perhaps he will do as well. He came to my room and told me he was a friend of Judge Pearcey's; he would advise me, *notwithstanding*, impartially. I told him that Judge Pearcey was acting unfairly, and of the circumstance of my goods; he seemed to be surprised, and offered to negotiate for me, as I did not desire to receive Judge Pearcey's visits. Immediately after this he called and asked me to make an assignment to Judge Pearcey, by his request, of those pawned articles, for the purpose of paying my hotel bill, for which he found himself responsible; I replied, it is all I have of value, and I am very poor, you know, but I suppose the Judge expects this from me, though I did not ask him to put me in this expensive hotel and keep me here. I made the assignment as requested for the purpose of paying my bill at the hotel. Mr. Ackerly returned to me the next day, and said that he had ascertained from Henry Dwight, Jr., that he had been visited by Remick K. Clarke, and that he had represented that I had some claim, and wished him to meet it for me; he had promised him \$150 for me. This was astonishing, as I had no claim to be met, and had given R. M. Clarke no authority to do this; he had absented himself from me since this transaction. Mr. Ackerly called again the next day to

Mr. Dwight, who had promised him the money to pay my hotel bill, if he would come an hour in advance of R. M. Clarke ; they accidentally met at Mr. Dwight's office, and after a boisterous time, (as Mr. Ackerly represented,) to quell Remick K. Clarke's threatenings, Mr. Dwight gave him fifty dollars of the money to "hush" him, rather than have his name involved in this affair ; R. M. Clarke called, I was told, at the hotel, and used threatening language to Mr. Hines, the book-keeper, and insisted I should be turned out of the hotel. Judge Pearcey then held the rest of the money, as well as my jewelry and other articles, to the amount of \$150, making in all \$250, for a bill of \$70.

Officer Webb took a number of articles of furniture from me, as a purchase, with *promise* to pay ; he paid \$5, and never called to pay the rest. Thus far I was not benefitted, except that I ascertained that Judge Pearcey could make love, and combine love and gain in a finished manner, and by this had read another chapter, containing a new phase in police affairs ; I found that although my bill was paid that I could make no arrangement with Judge Pearcey to get my pawned articles. Again I wrote a statement of the whole affair to Mayor Wood. He sent for Mr. Wright, the proprietor of the hotel, who corroborated all I had written. Mr. Wright told him I was unfairly treated. I called at the request of the Mayor at his office ; he received me in a very gentlemanly manner, and said, at once, "You make some grave charges against the police" I replied yes, and I have stated the truth. After a number of questions he said he regretted he could not consider it advisable to see into this matter ; but Mr. Wright seemed friendly, and would advise me to trust to him. I returned to the hotel and saw Mr. Wright ; he said he would give me a part of the bill which Mr. Dwight would pay for me ; this was a source of comfort.

A few days elapsed, my bill was paid by Mr. Henry Dwight, Jr. I then thought Judge Pearcey would release my jewelry, but, alas ! he still insisted upon holding them. I consulted Alderman Ely about the matter ; he visited Mrs. Silver, the pawnbroker, who stated to him that an officer came and took them without paying the interest on them, and signified that there was something wrong. I found Mr. Ackerly had told him I had

discovered his game, and after sending another person to Judge Pearcey, he abused me and said that the silk was stolen. This he used as a plea for having the articles in his hands

The atrocity of this charge could only originate in a New York police officer, and one who had been accustomed, as Judge Pearcey had, to dealing with the inhabitants of the Five Points, when he lived in Little Water street, as a supervisor of that district. See Trow's N. York City and Business Directory for 1855. This matter being hopeless, I tried to see Mr. Wright, the proprietor of the Gramercy House, who had promised me the money—a part of the bill paid by Mr. Henry Dwight—as Mr. Wright said he made the bill exorbitant, to get the money out of their hands to give me. I found, after repeated visits, that Mr. Ackerly was his spokesman; who told me that Mr. Wright had failed, and he could not do as he promised, and wished me to pay him \$25 for his services.

I exclaimed, when will this end? I have been imprisoned, insulted, robbed by the police, accused of crime, placed in an expensive hotel; my friend Mr. Dwight robbed also. Now you ask for \$25—what have you done? You hold for Judge Pearcey my goods, and will not return them to the pawnbrokers. You know that I am penniless; what can you do more than you have done? Well, he replied, I must be paid, and Judge Pearcey says he gave you \$5—he wants that. This was given me to pay for damage of furniture that he requested to move as mine from 86 Lexington Avenue to his house, officer Webb superintending. This he did not get as officer Webb said he would buy them, but, alas! officer Webb got off with the furniture by paying \$5, and using Judge Pearcey's name for drayage. It is a pity that Judge Pearcey and his attachée should be so penniless that prisoners, or others, that fall into their power, must be robbed to sustain them in their extravagances and amours.

Thus far I have made a plain statement of occurrences that have thrown me into great embarrassment and trouble, and I make this catalogue of events to place before the public, a specimen of police craft and shyster diplomacy; although, perhaps, this may be only as "a drop in the bucket" of what might be shown forth

to New Yorkers, of the system of robbery and fraud carried on by these men who profess better things.

The question may be asked, why does Mrs. Taylor place herself before the public? The question must at once be answered. Through family policy I am defamed. Strangers make use of my misfortunes, and carry the matter farther; they use me as a weapon to mortify a *wealthy family*. For instance, Judge Percy and others know I have wealthy relatives—if they get me into difficulty, they, perhaps, may make something by it, but if they fail they are safe, for they say, her family have cast her upon the world, and they will not punish *us*. I only ask the public to read and see I can account for all my movements since I have been alone, and the statements of my family must be disproved, when they insist that I have led a dissipated life. Minor C. Story, with his constituents at the Astor House *may thrive*, but I have to inform Minor C. Story, that the Hon. John M. Wood, of Portland, Maine, has assisted me because of the knowledge of his rascality, and to screen one he was ashamed to mention as an associated partner of the firm of John M. Wood & Co. Mr. John B. Stephens, of Wall street, I must say, in his anxiety to deny his friendship, when I am in trouble, he is quite too precipitate; he has accused me of an attempt to levy black mail, when my only offence is this, that I wrote him a note asking him to purchase a valuable diamond ring, which he had admired on my finger during a visit at Lexington Avenue; at that time I needed the money more than the ring.

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